

# The Musical World.

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## PRECENTORS AND THEIR DUTIES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The inquiry which has just terminated at Carlisle, with regard to the removal of the Rev. T. G. Livingston from his office of Precentor and Minor Canon, is calculated, I hope, to do some little good for the cause of cathedral music. It is not my intention to discuss the decision of the bishop which has reinstated the reverend gentleman, although there is some reason for supposing that had there not been some informality in the document by which the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle dismissed him, the result would have been a very different one. The few remarks which I am going to make are intended merely to apply to the musical part of the question, and the benefit which ought to arise in consequence of the authority of the deans and chapters of cathedrals being ascertained.

It is pretty well known that our cathedral establishments are governed by statutes, some of them dating from Henry the Eighth, of which Carlisle is one. These statutes define the duties and authority of the various members of the establishment, from the dean, downwards. Now the Rev. Mr. Livingston claimed, by virtue of the statutes, the entire and independent control of the musical service of the Cathedral; that he had the right of selecting all the music to be sung; to sing solos himself; and to conduct the choir in all their performances. Now the organist, it appears, very naturally resisted these absurd pretensions as derogatory to his own position, and also to the profession of which he is a member; and it is fortunate that the statutes allow something like a common-sense application to meet the circumstances of the present day. Mr. Livingston may be a very excellent priest, and a sound theologian, but he certainly is not a musician, and therefore the claim to superintend high musical offices is obviously ridiculous; and if the reverend gentleman has pressed his ideas of his office as a matter of conscience, the statutes being the rubric which he considered himself bound to obey, all I can say is, that it is a pity that his conscience was not sufficiently sensitive to prevent him taking upon himself an office which he is manifestly, and upon his own showing, incapable of fulfilling—for not the least droll incident in the inquiry was Mr. Livingston's admission that he passed a very bad examination in the common rudiments of music, but that he considered, nevertheless, that a person might be a very good musician without knowing anything of musical grammar, as the Rev. Canon Harcourt expressed it. If Mr. Livingston means to state that a man may be a good classic without knowing the Latin grammar, he certainly must have a very odd notion of education. But it is a great pity that the examination, with Mr. Livingston's answers, was not brought forward at the inquiry before the bishop; and I should recommend the organist, if he has the papers, to publish them *now*.

But a very few words, I think, will be sufficient to dispose of the question which has been raised at Carlisle. At the time that the statutes were written music was in a very different state, in fact scarcely can be said to have been permitted in the church beyond *unisonal chanting*, and no doubt at that time the precentor did lead or conduct what was sung; but as soon as music of a complicated character, and in parts, was introduced, it at once became necessary to employ professional men, and I believe that Tallis and Dr. Tye were among the first lay-organists appointed to our cathedrals. This being so, much that formerly belonged to the authority of precentor changed hands also, for no musical service could be efficiently conducted upon the notions of the present Carlisle precentor. The unsatisfactory performance of our cathedral service in many cathedrals may be, perhaps, ascribed to an evil of this nature, and the sooner it is remedied the better. The remedy is now, without doubt, in the hands of deans and chapters, and I sincerely trust they will avail themselves of it. Although, perhaps, there has not been really a doubt as to the authority of the deans and chapters over the subordinate members of their cathedral churches, yet the question had not been ventilated, and therefore precentors have assumed an authority at variance with the *real spirit of the statutes*, and at still greater variance with *COMMON SENSE*. But

at Carlisle common sense appears *practically* to have prevailed for some time past, and the dean and chapter and their organists deserve to be commended for stepping in and preventing the absurd vagaries of Mr. Precentor Livingston. Nothing can be fairer than the rules which the dean and chapter laid down for the guidance of Mr. Ford and Mr. Livingston in their respective offices; and those rules were not considered by the bishop, or by anyone else, repugnant either to their spirit of their statutes or to the authorities of the very reverend dean. It appears that the organist has been in the habit of writing out the list of music for the ensuing week, and that this has been handed to the precentor in order that the latter might urge ecclesiastical objection to anything the organist had appointed, the objection to be stated in presence of the organist, to the dean, or canon in residence every Saturday morning—the dean's decision, of course, being final. Mr. Livingston at various times resisted all this, and was guilty of other improprieties—such as ordering the singers to remain silent, in order that he might sing verses and solos himself. I think nothing could be more admirably written than Dr. Close's decision upon these points. It shows that the dean entertained such a proper view of the duties of both the organist and precentor, that I quote his letter *in extenso*—

"REV. SIR,—Having ascertained that on Thursday last, during the performance of divine service, you silenced the chief bass singer, intimating to him that you would take his part in the quartet yourself, I must request that this may not occur again, as such an interference with the parts previously assigned by the organist, on whom the practising of the choir depends, must lead to confusion and irregularity. As there appears to be some doubt on your mind as to the division of duties between you and the organist, I wish, once for all, to impress upon you the necessity of compliance with this my order—viz., that after you have, in conjunction with the organist, and with my sanction, or with that of the canon in residence, settled the weekly curriculum of services and anthems, your power of interference with the musical duties of the choir must end. Your duties, then, are simply ecclesiastical, moral, and ceremonial. The regular attendance and decent conduct of the men and boys are in your hands; but the assignment of parts to the several singers must absolutely rest with the person who under our authority, teaches, trains, and practises the voice—namely, the organist.

"Yours truly,  
"F. CLOSE."

Now why the precentor was not satisfied with this it is difficult to conceive, for I must say that I think that both his own position and the spirit of the statutes were fairly and properly represented by these regulations. By attending to the decorous conduct of the men and boys during the service, and by marking their regular and punctual attendance, he certainly was responsible, as the dean and chapter pointed out to him, for the proper performance of the musical service; but what on earth led him to arrogate to himself duties which only an educated and well-trained musician could undertake, I am perfectly at a loss to comprehend. Would Mr. Livingston, for instance, be guilty of the absurdity of saying that the head-masters of Eton or Rugby are to be dictated to in the examination and teaching of their classes by a person ignorant of Greek or Latin? Everybody is perfectly aware that there cannot be two masters at the same time; and if the dean had to choose between the organist and the precentor whose authority and opinion in musical matters was to be paramount, he undoubtedly exercised a most wholesome and wise discretion in entrusting professional matters to a professional man, and I think the organist only exercised proper self-respect by resisting the insulting and derogatory position which the precentor endeavoured to force upon him.

It was in consequence of the precentor refusing to submit to the authority of the dean, and claiming undisputed power over all the musical arrangements of the cathedral without the intervention either of the dean or organist that he was at last suspended from his office. With regard to the other alleged improprieties of Mr. Livingston's conduct, it is not my purpose to enter upon them. In fact as the bishop stopped the inquiry at a certain point, without allowing the dean and chapter to produce evidence, or go fully into the circumstances, which as it were compelled them to the course they adopted, no very correct judg-



ment can possibly be formed, though enough transpired to prove that he had behaved on various occasions most improperly to his ecclesiastical superiors, and therefore his being reinstated by the bishop into his offices without even censure is a piece of such good luck that I should not advise him to try a similar game over again.

There is, however, one point in the bishop's judgment which is of the highest importance, and which is the main object of my letter. The bishop was compelled to admit the power of the dean over all matters touching the celebration of divine service, subject, of course, to the general ecclesiastical law. The dean and chapter are therefore confirmed in the authority they claimed over the precentor. It is then clearly in the hands of deans and chapters to govern the musical arrangements of their several cathedrals. They, of course, engage professional men as their organists, and it is to them that authority should be delegated to conduct, train, and teach their choirs, as well as to select the music to be performed—the caputular bodies always having it in their power to prevent any music or words being introduced into divine service of an objectionable character. A small number of voices under discipline and good training can be made to sing together very effectively. It is true that the salaries at most of our cathedrals are not large enough to secure great vocal talent, and a little augmentation would work wonders. The income also of the organist should be such as would enable him to devote considerable time to instruction and rehearsal of the cathedral service with the whole choir. No public performance can possibly be effective without this necessary drudgery. I trust, therefore, that this inquiry which has provoked so much discussion will be productive of this good, viz.:—that deans and chapters will insist upon having the choral parts of the service, and the discipline of their choirs, wholly under the governance of the professional musician who fills the situation of organist.

With many thanks, Mr. Editor, for allowing me so much space, I beg to remain, yours, very obediently,

MUSICUS.

#### THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, WALWORTH—ITS ORGAN, &c.

On the 12th ult. a new organ was inaugurated in the new church of St. Paul, Walworth. The instrument has been built by Messrs. Bates and Son, of Ludgate-hill, at the extremely low price of £270. It is set out for a rather extensive organ, but much of the pipe work is as yet absent, and intended to be supplied as funds for the purpose shall be forthcoming. It is as follows:—

Two rows of keys, Great Organ and Swell, compass of each CC to F, with Pedals CCC to E.

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL.	
1. Open Diapason.	}	1. Bourdon.	}
2. Stop Diapason.		2. Double Open Diapason.	
3. Do. do. treble metal		3. Open Diapason.	
4. Dulciano.		4. Stop Diapason.	
5. Principal.		5. Principal.	
6. Twelfth.		6. Fifteenth.	
7. Fifteenth.		7. Tierce.	
8. Sesquialtra—3 ranks.		8. Trumpet.	
9. Mixture—2 ranks.		9. Hautboy.	
10. Vacant slide.		10. Vacant slide.	
11. Do. do.			

#### PEDALS.

1. Open Diapasons, 16 feet.
- 3 Couplers and 3 Composition Pedals.

St. Paul, Walworth, one of the latest of the new metropolitan churches, completed at the latter end of 1856, and consecrated the day before Christmas Day of that year, is situate midway between the roads to Clapham and Camberwell that diverge from the Elephant and Castle, and about a mile by either line from that well-known house of call. It stands in the centre of Lorrimore-square, inclosed by a dwarf wall spiked with iron, and presents a very picturesque appearance, and a favourable

specimen of a cheap church. The structure is Gothic, after the early English style of the thirteenth century, and built of rough stone in irregular courses, with Bath stone for the finer parts. The plan is cruciform, with tower standing at the north-east side surmounted by a spire octagonal in plan, and perforated in its sides by three tiers of lancet windows, and terminating at a height of 122 feet from the ground.

Internally the transepts are but slightly marked, but the chancel is of the ample depth of 26 feet. The nave—large, with high-pitched roof, showing its constructive timbers—has side aisles, separated by stone columns alternately of circular and octagonal form, with plain moulded capitals. The timbers of the roofs, pewing (which is low and open), and all the other portions of the wood work, are of deal, stained and varnished. The floors are laid with tiles in red and black lozenges. There are four double-lancet windows and one single at the side of each aisle, with mullioned and traceried windows in the various gables. There is no western gallery, but a sort of temporary gallery standing back of the columns occupies each aisle, supported on slender iron pillars in front, and at the back by corbels in the wall.

The gas lighting is by standards placed at intervals about the church, they are of brass, and of tripod character. The font, a carving in stone, of octagonal shape, is placed at the western end of the nave. The chancel is separated from the nave by a lofty arch, its roof close boarded and panelled, the eastern wall has a roredos composed of eight small pointed arches on columns, the two in the centre larger and canopied, contain the decalogue. The pulpit and reading desk are placed against the piers of the chancel arch, and between them a small eagle desk, from which the lessons are read. A small chapel on the south side of the chancel forms the vestry, which communicates with the sanctuary by a "priest's door." The organ is placed on the north side of the chancel, in a recess formed in the basement of the tower, and quite unseen from the body of the church. The instrument is not inclosed in the usual case, but a row of its diapasons in their native colour (tin), burnished and set in a frame, is made to form a screen between it and the chancel. The chancel is benched on either side longitudinally, and the choir, habited in surplices, occupy these benches in the ancient Decani and Cantorus style; the arrangements and appointments throughout being on the most approved Tractarian model, and the sacred services are performed in accordance with the views of that compact, which comprehends choral service with intoning of the prayers, or what is familiarly denominated "Puseyite," yet, after all, the correct and proper formula of the Protestant worship, as instituted at the Reformation by King Edward VI., and subsequently confirmed by Queen Elizabeth, and which ordinance has never been revoked or in any way altered to this day. The practice of reading or "saying" of the service, which has generally obtained in our churches, being by the same ordinance, as it were, permissive only. The choir here is composed of gentlemen (musical amateurs) and boys whose services, are gratuitous, and the effort (artistically speaking) very creditable. The choir-master and organist is Mr. Paul Jerrard, composer of one novelty, at least, in church music—viz., a service for the solemnisation of matrimony, and first used on his own interesting occasion at this church some months back, and noticed at the time in the *Musical World*.

This church has been built at the very moderate cost of £6,500, from designs by Mr. Jarvis, architect, of Trinity-square, on land the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, who possess large estates in the neighbourhood. They also gave £1,000 towards the erection, and endowed the living with £150 per annum.\* The Church Commissioners supplied £750, and the Incorporated Society £400, stipulating, in consideration for the same, that 600 of the sittings, (half of the accommodation of the church,) should be for ever free. The subscription list shows gifts of £100 from St. Thomas's Hospital, the Trinity Corporation, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Mr. G. B. Hart, and the

\* The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have also engaged to do precisely the same thing in respect to another church about to be erected in the same neighbourhood.

Church Extension Society, and £50 from the late Bishop of London, Mr. E. Cazenove, and Mr. Chester. The funds, however, being inadequate to the completion of the church, £2,000 borrowed for that purpose forestalls, for interest, £100 per annum of the endowment, a position of things which it is to be hoped the parishioners will not allow long to remain. An ecclesiastical district containing 12,000 persons has been appropriated to this church from the district of St. Peter, Walworth, parish of St. Mary, Newington. The Rev. T. Mitchell is the incumbent, and the Lord Bishop of London diocesan.

55, Regent-street.

F. C.

## DE OMNIBUS REBUS, CUM MULTIS ALIIS.

(From the *Illustrated Times*).

ON Tuesday, Mademoiselle Piccolomini took her second and last farewell of the British public, before starting for New York, where she is anxiously awaited by the *habitués* of the "Academy of Music." The scene of the *adieu* was the Crystal Palace, and so determined were the young lady's admirers to see and hear the last of her, that no less than ten thousand of that respectable class assembled to "assist" at the leave-taking. In speaking of Madlle. Piccolomini's last appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, we told our readers of the enthusiasm of the audience, and of the affecting tenderness of the departing one. The emotion on both sides was equally great at the Crystal Palace—that is to say, equally great in proportion to the numbers present, for, speaking absolutely, it was four times greater. The ten thousand spectators and listeners clapped their twenty thousand hands and shouted "Bravo!" (those who wished their neighbours to think they understood Italian shouted "*Brava!*") while Madlle. Piccolomini responded to the plaudits with a cordiality and emotion that were really touching, and which, to those who believe in Madlle. Piccolomini's talent, must have been profoundly affecting. No one knows how to receive applause so well as the unvoiced little soprano, who fulfils so imperfectly an author's intentions, and acts so skilfully to the pit. She acknowledges it in the most charming manner almost before it is offered to her, just as she is always ready to repeat an air in answer to the faintest "encore," or to bow, smile, and retire with looks of equal gratitude if the encore be evidently not insisted on. But, really, in whatever character she has appeared, Madlle. Piccolomini's success has seldom, if ever, been a doubtful one, and as success is the only thing the public believe in (probably from vanity, because each individual member feels that he has contributed something towards it), one triumph leads naturally to another, and the same people who applauded the successful vocalist on the night of her *début*, applauded her a hundred times more vehemently on the eve of her departure. Doubtless, too, the Irish row, of which Madlle. Piccolomini's appearance at the Dublin theatre was the pretext, has added materially to that lady's reputation—"La réputation c'est un grand bruit"—and the noise inside and outside the Dublin theatre was something tremendous. The Irish, in their humorous manner, treated the pleasant, good-natured, vivacious, audience-loving Piccolomini, as some goddess of song. Did they not sacrifice a dove to her—a poor innocent dove—who was dragged on to the stage by ropes, and whose back was nearly broken by the weight of an unusually ponderous volume of Moore's melodies? Of course there is some connection in the Irish mind between doves, Moore's melodies, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini. The Irish have a talent for connecting all sorts of dissimilar things, voluntarily when they are witty, and involuntarily when they make bulls. But, however that may be, Dublin has added to the Piccolomini reputation; and the Crystal Palace (a city in itself) has (with due allowance for the coldness of the Anglo-Saxon temperament) endorsed, or re-endorsed the opinion of Dublin. In about seven days from the publication of the present number of our own journal, Mademoiselle Piccolomini will step from the deck of the "Vanderbilt" steamer on to the quays of New York, she will enter an equipage, which will be in readiness to receive her, and the New Yorkers will behave like a set of horses (that is really the quadruped we mean), in so far that they will harness themselves to her carriage and

drag her to her hotel. Of these events we might have heard in eight days or even less, but, alas! the Atlantic cable will not work! In the meantime, we sincerely hope that Mademoiselle Piccolomini will meet in New York with even more success than she obtained in London; for it would be mortifying if the *habitués* of an American opera were to discover what the audience never seem to have found out, or, all events, never seem to have cared about, at Her Majesty's Theatre—namely, that Madlle. Piccolomini, with all her proficiency in the art of pleasing, is far from being a great singer.

Of course at her farewell concert Madlle. Piccolomini did not sing alone. She was supported by Sig. Giuglini and Sig. Aldighieri—almost the best tenor, and almost the worst barytone of the day. Sig. Giuglini sang "Spirito gentil," from *La Favorita*, and "Tu m'ami," from *La Zingara* (*Bohemian Girl*), and sang them with all possible taste and feeling. This admirable vocalist, who possesses that rare gift among the tenors of the present day—a voice that is neither uneven nor tremulous—is, it appears, engaged at Madrid, but we shall doubtless have the pleasure of hearing him in London next season. It has been said that Mr. Lumley will not open; that Lord Ward is tired of his speculation, &c.; but whatever Lord Ward may feel inclined to do, we cannot believe that Mr. Lumley would have engaged Titiens and Giuglini for a term of years (which he has certainly done), unless he had intended to avail himself of their services. But for Mr. Lumley, we might never have heard either of those singers, and we should look upon it as a misfortune to the public if Her Majesty's Theatre were not to re-open. Managers are born avaricious (though it is customary to call them liberal in newspapers), and if Mr. Lumley were to abandon Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Gye would lose no time in cutting down his expenditure at Covent Garden.

But our contemporaries are fond of circulating wonderful and incredible stories about musical matters. Thus, in a recently published memoir of Miss Arabella Goddard, we find it stated that her last master was Thalberg, who left England when Miss Goddard was about thirteen years of age, and never afterwards gave her a single lesson! In addition to this, it is well known that Thalberg never played one of those pieces which our great English pianist always executes at her own concerts and at the Philharmonics. Thus, according to the memoir-writer, Miss Goddard never received a lesson since the age of thirteen; while the influence of Thalberg upon her has been so extraordinary, that, instead of performing his fantasias, she always selects some work by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, or some other classical composer, of whose music Thalberg never played a note!

Mr. Sims Reeves has left the Standard Theatre, and we suppose is now waiting until some other manager will offer him fifty pounds a night. It is an offer which, if we were the directors of an operatic theatre he would very soon receive. It does not come to more than about ten pounds an air, or, to put it differently, about five shillings a bar. Certainly there are tenors who would sing for a great deal less, but they wouldn't sing so well. The letting of twenty or thirty stalls and a dozen of boxes, at fair prices, will always suffice to pay Mr. Reeves' salary; and he never sings anywhere without filling the entire house. By the way, if Mr. Sims Reeves ever sings at the Standard again, he owes it to himself to insist on being supported by a better orchestra. There are some vocalists who would sing to an accompaniment of tin kettles if the manager only paid them their salary punctually. It would become Mr. Sims Reeves to show that he is not one of them. We have said that our great English tenor has temporarily retired; but his double has appeared at the Egyptian Hall. And those who like to hear Mr. Tennyson's and Mr. Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud" executed as only Mr. Sims Reeves—and his double—can execute it, had better attend one of the representations of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul's *Patchwork* without delay. The sham Sims Reeves, who sings so very much like the genuine one, is, indeed, Mrs. Howard Paul herself. We always knew that this lady had an admirable contralto voice, but we were not aware until last Monday night that she could, at will, transform it into a magnificent tenor. But it is not the voice alone

that reminds us of Mr. Sims Reeves. We have the same tones, the same manner of phrasing; in short, the most perfect imitation of his singing that can be imagined. To imitate his bearing and gestures, is, to an accomplished actress, scarcely more difficult than to wear a coat and shirt like his, or a wig fashioned after the model of his luxuriant head of hair. But, still, there are certain peculiarities about Mr. Sims Reeves' manner which every one would not have noticed, and which Mrs. Howard Paul mimics very happily. There is one point, too, in which the copy is better than the original. The inevitable encore is accepted with a much better grace by the sham tenor than by the real one. Various other interesting additions have been made to the *Patchwork* entertainment, which is now even more successful than it was on its first production. Mrs. Howard Paul's best character—we are speaking now of *real* characters—is still her Irish girl, sighing for her soldier and for a cup of strong tea. Mr. Paul is, perhaps, seen to most advantage as the American, who comes over with a letter of introduction to the Queen, addressed "Victoria, Buckingham Palace, Piccolo Way." He it is whose wife gives him tea "so weak that it can scarcely get out of the pot;" and whose child, having attained the mature age of eleven without being baptised, announces to his parents that if they cannot agree as to what his appellation shall be, he intends to "name himself and take the consequences."

#### ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF BALFE'S "ROSE OF CASTILLE."

(Communicated.)

On Saturday, Oct. 9th, Balfé's *Rose of Castille* was performed for the 100th time, and there was a perfect *furor*. The house was crowded; and in addition to an amount of enthusiasm not often witnessed, there were several very pretty compliments got up by the audience. Flags, bouquets, wreaths, and other trophies, were thrown on to the stage in really extraordinary profusion (I am telling you just what happened—I am not writing for effect!). One flag thrown to Miss Louisa Pyne bore an inscription from the opera itself: "Real gems like you are scarce in all countries." "To the sweet Rose of Castille." Another thrown to Mr. Harrison was inscribed: "To the renowned Muleteer, Mr. W. Harrison." A really beautiful basket of artificial flowers, with two fine stuffed birds of paradise surmounting it, was handed up from the stalls at the end of the opera; and a lady sitting in one of the stage boxes took off a very handsome wreath from her own head and handed it down to Miss Louisa Pyne. Balfé was called for, the audience naturally supposing he would be in the house on such an occasion. He appeared, and a very fine laurel-wreath was thrown to him. Besides what I have mentioned, the expression of good feeling and hearty congratulation on the part of the audience was unmistakable.

NEW YORK.—The Harmonic Society gave a fine concert at the Crystal Palace on Friday, when about four thousand people listened to choruses by the society, and several solos by Formes, among which were the "Porter Lied" from *Martha*, and a new "Song of Peace," the music by Clement White, a celebrated English composer, who has lately taken up his residence in the United States. Mr. John Brougham wrote the words. The song was received with great enthusiasm and was encored. Mr. Formes was in splendid voice, and the whole affair was eminently gratifying to all concerned.—In the theatrical world *Jessie Brown* has carried all the town to Niblo's Garden. Neither the piece nor the charming performance of Miss Agnes Robertson, as the heroine, seem to have lost anything with the public. So there will be more *Jessie Brown* every night this week. Mr. Boucicault is engaged upon a new drama of Parisian origin, and containing some new effects.—*New York Herald*.

AN ELECTRIC QUINTET.—A Hungarian, Mr. Leon Aumar, has, according to a Brussels paper, made a new and curious application of electricity. In a public concert at the National Theatre, he played by means of electric wires, on five different pianos at the same time. The electric battery which worked the wires was in an adjacent room.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your impression of last Saturday contains a letter from a correspondent inappropriately signing himself "Truth," who chooses to criticise an article printed in your columns a week or two ago from the *Birmingham Journal*. It would appear that "Truth" had not well considered his subject, for after denying the correctness of that part of the above-referred to article, noticing the increasing disposition for bringing out new compositions, he goes on to give his reasons for discrediting that statement, and says, "two or three oratorios were offered to the Birmingham Festival Committee at the commencement of the present year, but as yet the Festival Committee have declined to acknowledge the receipt of the letters containing the said offers." Now I am not going to defend the want of courtesy exhibited on the part of the official in not answering these letters, but does "Truth" imagine that managers of festivals can bring out any and every new composition that is sent them. Is "Truth" aware that at all these meetings it is an imperative necessity to perform certain standard works; and will "Truth" deny that at nearly all the late provincial festivals some new work has been produced. If the Birmingham Festival was to bring out every new composition that is sent, it would last four weeks instead of four days, and nice rubbish some of it would be; but I think I have said enough to show "Truth" is erroneous for once, and as the rule of contrary seems to be observed in the anonymous signatures to newspaper letters, will content myself by remaining (hoping you will find me a corner) yours truly,

ANANTIAS.

#### MOZART'S JUPITER SYMPHONY.

(From The Birmingham Journal.)

THE symphony is not only the most extended but the noblest shape that instrumental music can assume. The greatest masters, from Haydn—who first perfected the form now universally accepted as the canonical—to the most renowned musicians of the present century, have delighted to exercise their genius in this high branch of composition. Mozart, who, though born after Haydn, died before him, wrote symphonies which excel the most finished models of his predecessor, contemporary, and survivor; and among these is the "Jupiter," thus entitled, not by the modest and gifted composer himself, but by certain enthusiastic admirers, struck with its colossal proportions, and, above all, amazed at the prodigious combination of learning and genius displayed in the last movement, a fugue, with episodes, made out of four subjects, which, in the end, are worked contemporaneously. The symphony in C major—No. 4 of the so-called "Grand," universally known as the "Jupiter"—was one of three composed between the months of June and August, in 1788—the year after the production of that undying masterpiece "Il Dissoluto Punito, ossia Il Don Giovanni"—consequently when Mozart's genius was in the full strength of its maturity. The other two symphonies, in E flat, and in G minor, are equally masterpieces in their way, though the first is far less ambitious in design and far less elaborate in detail. Opinions are divided as to which is the greater of the two, the "Jupiter" or the G minor; but we cannot help thinking where such admirable workmanship and such consummate beauty are observable on either hand, comparisons, if not "odious," are at least indiscreet. However, there cannot possibly be two opinions about the grandeur and magnificence, the prodigal melody and unsurpassed and unsurpassable ingenuity of the "Jupiter." That Mozart must at first have taken Haydn for his model, in the composition of orchestral symphonies seems as reasonable to suppose, as that, subsequently, he so greatly surpassed his original as to induce Haydn to return the compliment. To the truth of the latter proposition, the fact that twelve grand symphonies composed by Haydn for the concerts of Mr. Salomon, the violinist, were not commenced till the year of Mozart's death, bears unquestionable testimony. Mozart was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756 (three years before Handel died). Haydn came into the world nearly a quarter of a century earlier—at Rohran, March 31, 1732. Mozart died at Vienna, December 5, 1791, at the age of thirty-six; Haydn seventeen years later, in the same city, May 31, 1808.



## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

THE Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and the committee associated with them, have commenced various works in the cathedral for the following purposes:—

1. To provide for the largest congregation possible at the special evening services within hearing distance of the pulpit.
2. To regulate the temperature of the cathedral, and make other arrangements for the comfort of the congregation; and to take care
3. That nothing so done clash with the architecture.

"For the first object," says the committee, "it is evident that the great central area of the dome can alone offer sufficient space. It has also been found by experiments in 1851 to be the part of the cathedral best adapted to the voice. With a view to the comfort of the congregation, the first thing is to secure a reasonable amount of warmth. To attain this, the crypt, which underlies the whole cathedral, offers considerable facility—viz., by warming the crypt thoroughly, and forming openings in the pavement to allow the heated air to circulate. For this purpose a number of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's patent stoves have been already placed there, and openings have been formed in the pavement, hereafter to be covered with ornamental brass-work; such additional stoves and gratings will be added as the result of the trial of those at present provided shall suggest. It is for the purpose of this experiment, and this only, that at present the nave is separated from the rest of the church by a screen of white calico, which will be shortly removed, when the requisite number of stoves has been ascertained. The admirable foresight of Sir C. Wren permits the chimneys of these stoves to be carried up to the top of the cathedral, without in any way injuring the structure, or introducing danger of fire. The pavement of the central dome and the contiguous parts of the arms of the cross is to be covered with a kind of matting called camptulicon; and almost the whole of the congregation will be seated on chairs. This space, during Divine service, will be enclosed with crimson curtains of the American leather cloth, which material has been found at Sydenham to be successful in confining sound. The whole is to be so arranged that curtains, chairs, and even the greater part of the matting can be readily put aside on Monday and replaced for Sunday's use on Saturday afternoon; so that they will in no way interfere with the architecture. An additional organ will be provided should the present organ be found ill-placed for the congregation under the dome. The lighting will be mainly effected by the means of the corono of gas which was left round the whispering-gallery at the time of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The committee continue to look forward with confidence to the support of the public in the important object of enlivening the present naked and unfinished appearance of the interior of the cathedral by solid and permanent embellishment, in accordance with the views of Sir Christopher Wren, so far as they can be ascertained.

**MUSICAL ON DITS.**—Signor Ludovico Graziani, the tenor, brother to the well-known barytone, has achieved a very decided success at the Italiens in Paris, in the *Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. Madame Penco, also, was most favourably received as Violetta in the first-named opera.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have taken Covent Garden for three months, and commence operations therein at Christmas.—Mr. Lumley has gone to Paris, and Mr. Gye has departed for Italy.

**LEEDS MADRIGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY.**—(From a Correspondent).—The ninth season of this Society was commenced in St. George's School-room, on Wednesday evening last, when nearly one hundred members were present, including a large proportion of the fair sex, who have of late shown considerable interest in the performance of choral music in the town. Mr. Spark, the musical director, occupied the chair. Mr. John Piper, jun., honorary secretary, read the eighth annual Report, an exceedingly satisfactory document, showing the Society to be in a most flourishing condition. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the conductor, the honorary secretary, the treasurer, and the committee, and the various officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—If the Hughes instrument prove to be the successful medium of communication for submarine telegraphs, as its inventor confidently expects, it may be of interest to the musical world to know that Music has her claim to put on record, in the perfecting of the great wonder of the age, as appears from the following account of the construction of the Hughes instrument. The *Albany Journal* thus sketches the principal feature of this new invention:—"The Hughes instrument is a combination of the Morse and House inventions. In the Morse instrument, two or three pulsations of the electric current are required to indicate one letter. In the House instrument, it requires from one to twenty-eight pulsations. In the Hughes instrument, it requires but a single pulsation for each letter. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is simple, though the principle on which it is based is complex. The type-wheels at the respective stations revolve to print the message, and their revolutions are governed by vibrating springs. These springs cause them to revolve in exactly the same time. There is an acoustic principle involved, viz.: that two springs which give the same musical tone, while vibrating, vibrate the same number of times per second. The springs are therefore chosen and regulated by sound. This instrument, it is evident, economises both time and electric power. Its exceeding sensitiveness to the least perceptible pulsation of the electric currents, adapts it especially for long lines and submarine cables. It is capable of writing forty words a minute, with about one-tenth of the battery power of other instruments, and sends messages both ways at once! At least, so its inventor claims, and it is to be tried on the Atlantic cable."—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

**THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, LEICESTER SQUARE.**—An application was made at the Middlesex Sessions on Friday last for a licence for music and dancing for the Alhambra, Leicester-square. Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Sleigh appeared in support of the application, and Mr. Le Breton appeared on behalf of the parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. Bodkin said the applicant in this case was Mr. E. T. Smith, and the building was the Alhambra, in Leicester-square, formerly called the Panopticon. It was built for the purpose of Science and Art, but that was a failure. When Mr. Smith took it, the magistrates were so pleased that they granted him a wine and spirit licence, and he now sought to introduce first-rate concerts and balls. Mr. Smith was an enterprising and improving person, and was well-known for the admirable manner in which he conducted Drury Lane Theatre, of which he was the lessee. There was a petition in favour of the licence, signed by 182 resident ratepayers, one of whom was the churchwarden of the parish. The building cost £3,000 a year, and it was only by first-class concerts that an income could be obtained. Mr. Le Breton said the petition against the licence was signed by the Rev. W. G. Humphry, the vicar of the parish; and he denied that the Alhambra was a fit place for concerts. It was a room of monster proportions, a hundred feet in length, and delicate shades of music would be entirely lost there. There would be not only music and dancing at the Alhambra, for Mr. Smith had a wine and spirit licence; and the orgies and debauchery that would take place were fearful to contemplate. Mr. Metcalfe opposed on the part of Mr. Nind, the proprietor of the Hotel Sablonière, and Mr. Wolridge, the proprietor of the Hotel Provence, Leicester-square. Mr. Smith, in answer to Mr. Metcalfe, said it was not his intention to open the Alhambra as a casino, but as a place for balls, for particular purposes. He would not, however, give any pledge upon the subject. Mr. Metcalfe then proceeded to argue upon the assumption, that Mr. Smith would open the place as a casino, if it answered his purpose. Alderman Salomons thought they should have some assurance that Mr. Smith would not conduct it as a casino. Mr. Smith said he pledged his honour not to conduct it as such; and then the licence was unanimously granted.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. Augustus Harris, stage-director of the Royal Italian Opera, has signed a lease for the Princess's Theatre, of which he takes possession at the termination of Mr. Charles Kean's tenancy at the end of the present season. Mr. Harris is about proceeding to Paris, where he is engaged at the Italian Opera to get up Verdi's *Macbeth*, in which Madame Gisi will play the principal part.—*Globe*.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

GREAT SUCCESS OF FLOTOW'S "MARTHA."  
105TH, 106TH, AND 107TH NIGHTS OF "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be repeated Flotow's celebrated opera *MARTHA*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. T. Gratian Kelly, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (105th, 106th, and 107th times), Balfe's highly successful opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albans, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with each evening, a new Ballet *Divertissement* by M. Petit, the music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, entitled *LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*, supported by Mdles. Zilia Michelet, Morlacchi, and Pasquale. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented Shakspeare's historical tragedy of *KING JOHN*: King John by Mr. C. Kean; Constance by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of *AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 16, will be presented the comedy of *LADIES BEWARE!* To be followed by the drama of *THE RED VIAL*. To conclude with *A TWICE-TOLD TALE*.

## GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

First night of the great Adelphi drama of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*, written by the author of *THE GREEN BUSHES*. Produced with new scenery, dresses, appointments, and all the original effects. Madame Celeste in her celebrated character of Cynthia. Mr. Paul Bedford in his original part of the Kinchin. On Monday, and during the week, to commence with *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Cynthia, by Madame Celeste; the Kinchin, Mr. Paul Bedford; Lemuel, Mrs. R. Honner; Starlight Bess, Mrs. Weiss. late Miss Harriet Gordon. To conclude with the comedieta of *THE FAMILY DENTIST*, supported by the company. On Saturday, the celebrated *Flexmore* and *Madame Aurioi* will appear in a Grand Ballet.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LETTER about Martha and the Drury Lane company was evidently misdirected to the Musical World office. It has been forwarded to the proper place, not far from Temple Bar.

T. W.—The "Westminster Palace Bells" next week.

T. REYNOLDS, Norwich.—William Bird was a pupil of the celebrated Tallis, and son of Thomas Bird, who belonged to the choir of Edward VI. His compositions were mostly written in Latin words. He was undoubtedly, therefore, in his earlier life, an adherent of the Romish Church; yet he must have conformed to the Reformed Church, since he was organist of Lincoln Cathedral, in 1563. In 1569 he was appointed gentleman to the Chapel Royal. He died in 1623, about eighty years of age. He is the author of the canon "Non nobis Domine." The anthem, "Bow thine ear," was first published in 1589, in a work entitled, "Sacrarum Cantorum," but has long been sung to the English words.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16TH, 1858.

A "Handy-Book of Musical Art, with some Practical Hints to Students"—By the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—just issued by James Blackwood, Paternoster-row—merits notice apart from our ordinary column of Reviews. This little work may be commended as something to be read, not only by amateurs, but by musicians also, with profit and pleasure. An instruction-book it is not, but whatever course of instruction the musical student is undergoing can hardly fail to be aided and enlivened by its perusal. The dedication may be cited, as succinctly and gracefully revealing the intentions of the author:—

"To my daughter Alice, for whom these pages were originally

written, with a view to form her musical taste, and assist her judgment in matters of musical art, and chiefly that she might trace the direct teaching of Nature in the established principles of harmony, and see the evident marks of design and wisdom exhibited in the connection that exists between musical science and the natural laws of sound, this little work is dedicated."

The "Handy-Book" is divided into eight chapters, in the course of which, and by regular gradations, the art of music is regarded philosophically, historically, theoretically, practically, and critically, the general object being—as the honourable and reverend author modestly declares in his introduction—"to lighten, if possible, the labours of the musical student, and suggest some plain and useful hints, which he may afterwards enlarge by more extensive reading." There is something good in every chapter, and a tone of purity about the whole which must elicit the warm sympathy of every right-minded person. We have seen no work which could be placed with such advantage in the hands of young persons, more especially females, who are studying music earnestly, and not merely as a frivolous recreation. Of the importance of music as an art that refines and elevates, and of its ineffable beauty as a medium of expression, Mr. Skeffington entertains strong notions; and wherever he apostrophises it from these points of view, it is with a simple and unaffected eloquence calculated alike to excite attention and secure conviction. Such doctrine, too, from the pen of a clergyman, is the more consoling to those who hold music in veneration, since it carries with it double weight, and may serve as a wholesome antidote against the many bigoted opponents which short-sighted sophistry has created.

The subjects included in the *Handy-Book* are thus distributed:—Nature and Office of Music; History of the Musical Art; Development of the Appliances of Art, or Musical Instruments; Theory of Music; Sacred Music; Art of delivering Musical Sounds; Musical Composition; and General Remarks as to the Present State of Musical Art. Each of these is briefly touched upon, without exception in a lucid and engaging style. In the chapters on Theory, we would especially call attention to the remarks about the arbitrary nature of the minor semitonic intervals—a point that must baffle the inquiries of all who endeavour to trace the derivations of chords from harmonic roots. Until theorists, indeed, can explain the mystery of the minor third, the artificial nature of the minor key must be accepted as an indisputable fact.

Some of Mr. Skeffington's general observations tend to show that in his opinion the art of music is on the decline. This may be the case, but we are not prepared to attribute it to the same cause as the honourable and reverend gentleman—viz.: the want of patronage in high places. The German princes have still their chapel-masters and court-musicians; only these chapel-masters and court-musicians are no longer Handels, Haydns, and Mozarts. What follows is, we think, more to the purpose:—

"We cannot fail to notice the prevailing habit of the day, which is to give young persons a bare smattering of pianoforte-playing by way of accomplishment, without the least regard to the question of talent or inclination shown for the study. Further, the false system under which they are taught, and the taste corrupted from the very commencement by fugitive compositions of the lightest kind; added to this, the rage and avidity with which everything that is popular in the ballad, dance, or romantic style is run after and deified for a time; the haste shown to commit pieces of music to memory for the evening's display, and the distaste for sight-reading and playing such music as is good and classical: all these things do certainly inspire painful forebodings as to whether we have not passed the zenith of our musical greatness, and whether good music and honest musicians will



not have to yield to the force of pressure, and float along with the evil current of the day."

Again, in the preface, we find the subjoined:—

"Never was there a time known when music was so universally cultivated as it now is, never perhaps a time when the true principles of the art were less understood and less carried out. And the reason is plain—the principles of instruction are out of course and unsound; the foundation of musical knowledge, too often, is ignorantly laid, and the fabric unskillfully built, the superstructure or summit is alone crowned by competent hands;—in plain words, students learn to walk at home, and go to London for a few finishing lessons in the art of running. Nor can the author overlook in this statement the almost unaccountable neglect of harmonic science which is conspicuous in the musical teaching of the day, the practical part being the sole end and object of every teacher; plainly showing that any knowledge beyond this is not held in the slightest account. Often with astonishment has he heard an executant of no mean order not only confess freely their ignorance of harmony, but even almost seem to derive merit of grace from the deficiency. If parents would confine the teaching of music to such only of their children as showed a marked talent for the thing, and then give them sound instruction from the very first, we should have fewer players but more musicians."

It is here the shoe pinches. But surely we have experience to show that the taste for the ephemeral and vicious does not last; that it is usually vested in the majority; and that though there are always, and in every department, a larger number of fools than of wise men, the wise men carry their point in the end, and what they predict will endure, endures. Then, again, Mr. Skeffington himself affords us consolation:—

"It should be matter of rejoicing to every lover of the divine art that he has the noble text-works of the great masters, the concentrated fruits of well-directed genius, profound skill and careful elaboration to guide his judgment and assist his studies."

And further:—

"I will not lay much stress on the dearth of musicians at the present time, for the apostles of art are always to be found in groups and in company."

Nothing can be truer, and nothing more certain, than that an increasing love for the works of the really genuine masters is a sign of the times. With regard to the piano, while we have our Sterndale Bennetts, our Arabella Goddards, and such uncompromising adherents to what is good and great, and pure in art, we need not repine—we need not in the least apprehend that decline of which the excellent author of *The Handy-Book of Musical Art* apparently stands in fear.

A MONSTER Concert is rather a dangerous affair to meddle with. Whoever hitherto has tried it—with one or two exceptions—has burned his fingers. Even the prince of *entrepreneurs*, M. Jullien, could not turn the speculation to good account, when he projected and carried out his series of "Concerts Monstre" on so magnificent a scale at Exeter Hall. Had the huge palace of Sydenham been granted him, however, in place of the hall in the Strand, giving him scope and space for his gigantic imaginings, we have no doubt he would have achieved a different result. Now, Mr. Distin appears to entertain but one idea of a concert on a large scale, namely, to get all the singers and instrumentalists he possibly can to put their names down in his programme, to advertise liberally, promise largely to excite public expectation, and leave the rest to chance. Upon such a principle was his "Grand Vocal and Military Festival," given at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday last, carried out. Fifty artists, together with two "Unions,"—to say nothing of the Military and Crystal Palace bands—lent their names to adorn the

swelling scheme, and forty-three pieces were set down in the bills for the fifty to perform. This loosearmy of half-a-hundred, having no head to direct them, no one to fix their periodicities and times in the orbit of the performance, and no one to whose command or authority they could succumb, having arrived at the Sydenham Palace, some too early, and some too late, as no notice had been sent them at what hour the performance would commence, wandered about like a flock of geese in the Lincoln fens that had lost their leading gander and were liberated from all control. The concert was announced to take place at twelve; it did not begin until one. Forty-three pieces were announced to be sung or performed; not more than twenty were given. The visitor who paid sixpence for the printed programme might as well have furnished himself with a copy of the Koran, so little information did he obtain from it of what was going forward. Everybody wanted to sing first; and he or she who had not what was reckoned a favourable place in the programme, felt considerably aggrieved. Poor Mr. Distin! We can fancy him in the retiring room, praying, entreating, imploring the artists, in his peculiar vernacular, to lay aside their petulancies, jealousies and priorities, and go forward to the rescue of his good name. It was unprecedented at the Crystal Palace to hear on all sides nothing but censure and abuse. Many left their seats early, disgusted with the proceedings, and not one single person, we are certain, of the immense audience, quitted the concert-room without great dissatisfaction.

Upwards of fourteen thousand persons attended the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the greater number no doubt attracted by Mr. Distin's "Grand Vocal and Military Festival." We repeat, not one person went away satisfied. We accuse nobody, but there must have been gross mismanagement somewhere. Mr. Distin should not have obtained the services of artists without securing to himself at the same time the power of disposing of them in the programme as he thought fit. The vocalists and instrumentalists, when they engaged to sing and play for Mr. Distin, should have made up their minds to submit to his or some delegated authority. Above all, it behoved the directors of the Crystal Palace to have taken care that the public were not mis-informed and misled; that what was promised under their sanction should not have been withheld; that a serious entertainment ushered forth as "under the special patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the Right Hon. Sir R. W. Carden, M.P., Lord Mayor," and emblazoned on the forehead of the bills as a "Grand Festival," should not have turned out to be a snare, a mockery, and a delusion.

For the sake of the directors, for the sake of the shareholders, for the sake of the public at large, for the sake of the artists engaged and the speculator who engages them, we trust such another exhibition may never occur again within the walls—we mean the windows—of the Crystal Palace.

WILL no one write a new equestrian drama, that has something like an aspect of permanence about it? Years ago a great hippodramatic genius, named Amherst, composed the *Battle of Waterloo*, and not only was it found worthy repetition, whenever business was flat, but it actually founded a school. There was the *Campaign in Moscow*; there was

some war in the Peninsula; there was something else somewhere else—all fashioned after the fantastic pattern of the *Battle of Waterloo*. The story of this class of drama was not intensely interesting, and the connection between the scenes was not always to be detected without difficulty; but, nevertheless, they were distinguished by a large consumption of gunpowder, and by severe conflicts between multitudinous supernumeraries, while certain scenes or figures gave a kind of historical character to the motley exhibition. Mr. Gomersal's Napoleon was famous in its time. Who at the present day gains fame at Astley's equal to that of Gomersal.

Then, not quite so many years ago, we had *Mazeppa*, as the type of a more regular hippodrame—a piece with a regular plot, and with quite interest enough for an Astley's audience. The duration of *Mazeppa* is altogether incalculable, for even now it is found more attractive than any novelty, and a season never passes without its revival as one of the leading features. The present *entente cordiale* between France and England prohibits a reproduction of the *Battle of Waterloo*, but *Mazeppa* is perennial beyond the reach of politics.

The dramas written with reference to the Crimean war acquired that popularity which belongs to everything connected with an absorbing topic of the day; but before the actual contest had come to an end, the mimic conflict had lost its interest; whereas the *Battle of Waterloo* was totally independent of contemporaneous events. If we set aside these Crimean plays, the history of equestrian dramas for the last ten (if not twenty) years is totally devoid of a single record that can arrest the attention or stimulate the memory. During the successive managements of Messrs. Batty and Cooke we have been frequent visitors of the time-honoured amphitheatre, but if we try to recollect any one piece that has been produced upon the stage, a number of vague pictures press upon our eyes, distinguishable from each other by name, and by scarcely anything besides.

Shaksperian dramas, with horses thrust into them by hook or by crook; novels turned into plays without regard to the exigencies of the theatre; old incidents badly connected by the fragile thread of an unintelligible plot; the spectacle is indeed varied after a fashion, but, alas, after a fashion it is extremely monotonous.

Mr. W. Cooke has newly painted and decorated his house, and his ring is enlivened with the choicest diversions. But why won't he make an effort on his stage? Surely the only equestrian stage in London might be turned to better account than by the production of such a non-spectacular spectacle as the *Covenanters*.

**WORCESTER GENERAL INFIRMARY.**—The musical arrangements for the forthcoming concert in aid of the Funds of the Infirmary are nearly matured. Our readers will be glad to learn also that the profession generally have evinced much sympathy in the cause. Miss Arabella Goddard, the eminent pianist, has most handsomely given a donation of ten guineas to the charity. Madame and Mr. Weiss, with the other London artists, have materially reduced their professional terms; and our fair neighbour, Miss Gilbert, who has relinquished all public engagements, has kindly volunteered her services. It also gives us great pleasure to add that the Worcester Harmonic Society and the other resident artists have, with their usual liberality, come forward to aid gratuitously this benevolent object. We do trust therefore, that the public generally will respond most handsomely to such a combination of efforts to increase the funds of an institution so well deserving the cordial support of every one.—*Worcester Herald*.

### OLD SONG.

(To be newly set to music.)

Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,  
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

**MADAME ANNA BISHOP.**—The friends and admirers of this accomplished singer will be delighted to learn that she has returned from America and purports in future prosecuting her artistic career in England. Madame Bishop has only arrived in London a few days, and already, we understand, she is secured for a concert at Oxford, and engagements are pending with the directors of the Crystal Palace to make her *rentrée* at Sydenham before a London audience.

### DRURY LANE.

THAT M. Flotow's *Martha*—produced in an English uniform for the first time on the English stage, on Monday night—in the estimation of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, is an opera of higher worth than Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, must be taken for granted, seeing the greater amount of pains expended in getting up the former, and the greater respect paid to the score. At the Lyceum, the *Crown Diamonds* was converted into an *alla podrida*, several songs, foreign to the work, being interpolated. At Drury Lane, on the contrary, the managers have made their bow to M. Flotow, and have not permitted a bar of *Martha* to be discarded or altered. Hand-in-hand with reverence for the score went the determination to present the opera in the fairest possible light. Mr. Alfred Mellon, the zealous, energetic, and indefatigable leader, had not much difficulty in bringing his cohort to do their work irreproachably. The chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Smythson, the chorus-master, were in every respect equal to the music entrusted to them. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable and striking. The costumes—with one exception, which we shall allude to presently—were splendid and appropriate; and, to conclude, the three principal characters were excellently supported. With such care and pains, with such splendour and fitness, no production could fail of success. Had the audience on Monday night considered the music only, we doubt if the same results would have been achieved. But gratitude and good nature prevailed; to be satisfied was the general desire; and every round of applause was a testimony to the manager's enterprise, not a tribute to the composer's genius. That *Martha*, for a work that has obtained a certain reputation, is one of the weakest ever composed, no one with musical feeling and appreciation, we believe, can deny. The ideas, at no time original, are few and far between, and when they do come the ear in vain seeks for tune. In fact, take away "The last rose of summer," and *Martha* is literally deprived of its only melody. The frequent recurrence of the lovely old Irish air has invested the opera with a beauty and a vitality which will keep it in existence for some time; but once laid aside it is irretrievably buried.

The cast of the opera at Drury Lane is as follows:—Lord Tristan—Mr. George Honey; Plunket—Mr. J. G. Patey (his first appearance on the English stage); Sheriff—Mr. T. Grattan Kelly (his first appearance); Lionel—Mr. W. Harrison; Lady Henrietta—Miss Louisa Pyne; Nancy—Miss Susan Pyne. Miss Louisa Pyne sang the music of Lady Henrietta, or Martha, with exquisite taste and skill, but, except in the case of the "Last rose of summer"—which created a furor—did not produce any great effect. The part, indeed, does not afford scope to exhibit to advantage Miss Louisa Pyne's excellences as a vocalist. M. Flotow does not write well for the voices, and in the instance of *Martha*, does not appear to have written the music of the heroine for any extraordinary singer. "The last rose of summer" met with a tumultuous encore, while the other solos assigned to Martha passed off comparatively without a hand.

Miss Susan Pyne made as pert, vivacious, and spirited a representative of Nancy, the *ancilla* or hand-maiden, as the poet

himself could have desired. She gave the music, although by no means well suited to her, with excellent effect. For the costume of Nancy in the third act we must call Mr. Buchan to a strict account. It was nothing short of preposterous. Nancy is the waiting-maid of Lady Henrietta, and yet, in the third act, when there is no thought of, nor reason for, disguise, Miss Susan Pyne appears as one of the ladies of the court attendant on the Queen, attired for the hunt, and even outshining all the fair Dianas in the magnificence of her dress. How such an absurdity could have originated with Mr. Buchan, it is as difficult to surmise as to understand how it could have passed the surveillance of the stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling, or have escaped the supervision of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison. Such an inconsistency is fatal to the *vraisemblance* of the story.

Although the part of Lionel is somewhat too sentimental and, so to say, lackadaisical, for Mr. W. Harrison, the performance of that gentleman, whose style is essentially manly and vigorous, was entitled to high praise both in the singing and the acting. The music, as in the case of Miss Louisa Pyne, is not well adapted to him; nevertheless, he sang throughout in his best manner, and achieved one of the encores of the evening, in the romanza, "She appear'd clothed in light," ("M'appari tutt'amor," in the Italian version), which he gave with touching expression and feeling. Mr. Harrison, however, required, and the audience felt he required, some bold strain like "The fair land of Poland," or "I'm a simple muleteer," to bring out his peculiar powers.

Mr. George Honey made an amusing caricature of Lord Tristan, but was not always to be praised for his extravagances. Mr. J. G. Patey, who made his first appearance on the London stage in the character of Plunkett, is a novice, but gave indications of decided talent. His voice is a barytone of good quality, and he is far from being an unskilful singer. His pronunciation, however, is open to exception. He has a habit of making one syllable into two when it contains the letter *r*. He says, "Lionel sure-a-ly (surely) will die;" and "Ere-a love his poor harrit (heart) be betrayed." Those who heard the late Mr. Wilson, the celebrated ballad-singer, will remember his singing, "I'll remember-a thee." This is a fault Mr. Patey would do well to get rid of. As an actor, he seems entirely unacquainted with the stage. Mr. T. Grattan Kelly, whose name unmistakably indicates his country, is even a greater novice than his fellow *débütante*. He is a tall, thin, upright young man, with, as far as we could make out, a deep bass voice. For an Irishman, his diffidence was excessive and unprecedented. Of his capabilities we cannot even hazard a guess.

The English translation has been effected by Mr. T. H. Reynoldson, a gentleman not entirely unknown in literature, and who wrote the English version of the *Sonnambula* for Malibran—an immortal honour. The translation of *Martha* shows more ingenuity and facility than taste or poetic sentiment. It abounds in redundant phrases, such as "one single," "depart away, &c.," and the comedy is by no means free from vulgarity—witness the chorus of servants at the fair. We will quote one of the songs, which will afford an excellent specimen of the style of the whole translation. In the beginning of the third act, Plunkett and chorus sing the following apostrophe to the national beverage of the period:—

## I.

Tell me, good friends, now if you can,  
What pleases most an Englishman?—  
Can no one tell? not one?—  
'Tis John Barleycorn's good cheer,  
Strengthening, healthful, home-brew'd beer!  
When foaming high and sparkling clear,  
No drink can match it under the sun!  
No, John Barleycorn is old England's king!  
John Bull his praises will ever sing!  
Hurrah!  
There's no drink like this under the sun!  
No, none!

## CHORUS.

John Barleycorn is old England's King, &c.

## II.

Tell me another thing, if you can;—  
Whence comes the strength of an Englishman?  
Can no one tell? not one?—  
'Tis from John Barleycorn's good cheer,  
Strengthening, healthful, home-brew'd beer!  
When foaming high and sparkling clear,  
No drink can match it under the sun!  
John Barleycorn is old England's king!  
John Bull will ever unto him cling!  
Hurrah!  
There's no drink like this under the sun!  
No! none!

## CHORUS.

John Barleycorn is old England's king, &c.

The performance was received throughout with great applause, and all the artists were recalled several times. The enthusiasm, nevertheless, was not so unbounded as we have witnessed on many occasions when an opera was presented for the first time to a Drury Lane audience. *Martha*, notwithstanding, from its reputation, endorsed by its recent reception at the Royal Italian Opera, and the admirable manner in which it has been put upon the stage, cannot fail to obtain a certain amount of public favour, and may serve for some time to alternate the performances with the *Rose of Castille*, as it is announced to do—a proof, by the way, that its success on Monday night was not triumphant.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

**HAYMARKET.**—The first appearance of Mr. Charles Mathews since his return from America, with the first appearance on the English stage of Mrs. Charles Mathews, of whom rumour had spoken very highly both as to talents and personal attractions, drew an overflow to this theatre on Monday. The play was Dion Bourcicault's *London Assurance*, Mr. Charles Mathews sustaining his popular character, Dazzle, and Mrs. Charles Mathews that of Lady Gay Spanker. The welcome given to Mr. Charles Mathews when he first stepped upon the boards was enthusiastic in the extreme. Cheer followed cheer in quick succession, each round being more vociferous and persistent than its antecedent fellow, until the audience seemed fairly wearied with applauding. Mr. Charles Mathews, whose modesty and diffidence are not on all occasions excessive, appeared quite taken aback. Nevertheless, he did not lose his self-possession, but demeaned himself under the circumstances with his customary tact and coolness. To a performance so well known as the Dazzle of the actor we need not allude. The part was written expressly for him by one of the shrewdest of living dramatists, and fits him as a kid glove—one of M. Piver's best French—fits the hand. As an exemplification of mingled audacity and nonchalance Mr. Charles Mathews's Dazzle is incomparable. Mrs. Charles Mathews's reception was hardly less warm than that of her *caro sposo*. She is exceedingly prepossessing in looks and figure, and captivates with a glance. As an actress she is graceful, natural, and *piquante*, but has hardly fire enough and impetuosity for a character written for Mrs. Nisbett's peculiar powers. A part less bold and vivacious than Lady Gay Spanker would, to our thinking, suit the fair *débütante* better. We therefore believe that Mrs. Charles Mathews will be seen to greater advantage in another character, and wait for the pleasure of witnessing it before pronouncing further as to her merits. *London Assurance* has been played every night during the week.

**OLYMPIC.**—Idiocy, theft, murder, and the Morgue—such are the materials from which Mr. Wilkie Collins—we beg pardon, Wilkie Collins—has wrought his new play, *The Red Vial*, and with which he has endeavoured to indicate a new mode of infusing vitality into the declining drama. To strive to produce something novel is very laudable in a writer of the present day; but, when deviating from the beaten path, care should be taken not to lose sight of it entirely. In his attempt to achieve something original, Mr. Wilkie Collins has, like vaulting ambition,



erleapt himself, and lighted on the unnatural. In some respects *The Red Vial* betrays great ingenuity, and even indicates power, but the "horrors on horrors" which the writer accumulates, he has not poetical force or elevation of sentiment to assuage or modify, and the facts are left to their own naked repulsiveness. Less finely acted, the drama would have been summarily dismissed from the stage on the first night of its performance. Mr. Robson acts the part of the idiot with astonishing energy and truthfulness; but in his acting less proximity to nature would be desirable, since the effect on the audience is not that which an author contemplates, nor an actor aims at—an immediate desire to get up and leave the theatre. We were never before so deeply impressed by Dr. Johnson's observation, that "fatuity is not the proper prey of the satirist," as after witnessing *The Red Vial* on Monday evening. It is to be lamented that the first entirely serious part written for Mr. Robson should not have been a success. Although Mr. Wilkie Collins' new play must be pronounced a failure, he must not, therefore, be told to write no more. Let him eschew imitating the nude abominations of the modern French melodramatic school; nor seek in German charnel houses for subjects to place in all their unsophisticated loathsomeness before his English audiences. He may then produce something worthy of himself, since his talent is undeniable.

STRAND.—A new burlesque, entitled *The Maid and the Magpie*; or, *The Fatal Spoon*, taken from the old and oft-used story, by Mr. Byron, author of *The Bride of Abydos* and other pieces, has been produced during the week with well-merited success. The old tale is closely followed, and the parts are well sustained and travestied by Misses M. Oliver, Marie Wilton, and Ternan, Messrs. J. Bland, J. Clark, and Ternan. The piece abounds in puns of the most audacious and unexpected kind, some of which are exquisitely vile and far-fetched. Several nigger melodies are introduced with capital effect. But why, in a burlesque of the *Maid and the Magpie*, the author has forgotten to turn Rossini's *Gazza Ladra* to good account, we cannot understand; unless it is that the author never heard of Rossini and knows nothing of his opera. Miss Marie Wilton's Pippo would have been the most sparkling and irresistible performance in the piece, but for Miss M. Oliver's Ninetta, which is not better. Mr. J. Bland's Isaac, the pedlar, is imitatively grotesque and loud.

#### MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.

(From *Fraser's Magazine*.)

THE pianoforte of Mozart's day had established its superiority over all keyed instruments of the quill-and-wire tribe by the roundness and sweetness of its tone, the fine gradations of power which it yielded to the hand, and its freedom, without hardness and dryness, from all offensive vibration. The harpsichord, patronised by Handel and Scarlatti, and organ players in general, was not without a certain grandeur; but no one could make it sing a melody, or produce upon it those melting effects of *decrescendo*, or harmonious blendings of intervals, to which many of us have listened "all ear" when a J. B. Cramer sat at the pianoforte. Touch became on this instrument a peculiar art, developing the finest feeling. It was distinct from the elastic digital power which brings out passages with clearness on the harpsichord or organ, and might rather be compared to that gentle pressure of the bow, or enforcement of the breath, with which the accomplished violin player or singer gives prominence to a beautiful idea. The expressive mystery of a fine touch, it is easier for the musician to feel than to explain; the attack and retreat of the fingers, the holding down of notes their full time, and the degree of force with which the keys are struck, may all be well accomplished, yet shall we not be greatly moved by any performance in which the soul of the artist does not animate his finger tips. A little prelude—a careless arpeggio of half-a-dozen chords, serves mostly to reveal the qualities of a player, and to announce him either as a musician or a musical mechanic.

Not only did Mozart devote himself to the *legato* style, but Beethoven prized it so highly, that while he possessed his sensi-

bility of ear and touch, he never played in any other way; and it was this which made him say in one of his conversations with Ferdinand Ries, "that of all the pianoforte players he had ever heard, he preferred J. B. Cramer." This interesting testimony, by the way, which is published in Ries' "Notizen" respecting Beethoven, should not have been excluded from Moscheles and Schindler's biography of that composer.

Towards the middle of the last century every house in a certain class of society in Germany possessed its pianoforte; and in the southern districts, Stein of Augsburg was a manufacturer of these instruments in great repute. The cultivation of music was at this time merely a means of introducing an elegant pleasure at home. It gave an occupation to the young, which, as the simple, earnest compositions of the day evince, was as yet untainted by the vanity of display. Music pleased for herself alone. But good teaching in respect to mechanism was very rare; and the steps by which a finished artist is raised to perfection, from childhood to full maturity, were almost undiscovered. Mozart's father was one of the first who comprehended the true principles of the modern execution—kept the arm in complete stillness, and moulded the hand into that rounded position in which the fingers seem to grow to the keys. Leopold Mozart and his daughter were much occupied in teaching, and, as we learn often talked themselves out of breath, in the conscientious discharge of their employment. While they were explaining the mysteries of fingering, and showing how passages of great apparent difficulty could be neatly and elegantly brought under the hand, it was the business of the young composer, even from eight years of age, to form and train the soul.

From this early period the solicitations to compose for this or that individual talent, which beset him throughout life, had their origin. Whatever related to capacity in his own art, its exact degree, its character, and importance, was known to him in any individual with whom he conversed, as if by intuition. The tone of a voice, the air of a countenance, the social vivacity of a young person, seem to have enabled him to read with facility whatever nature had imprinted of the musician. The mere shape of an exquisitely-formed hand, without a general repose and harmony of character in the whole human structure, would, perhaps not have satisfied him; but both together made him more certain of his subject than either Gall or Spurzheim could have been by any investigation of the musical bumps which enter into the system of phrenology.

Even in his moments of deepest abstraction, when playing extemporaneously, Mozart was able to preserve a part of his mind free to notice the effect of his music upon others, to inform himself how far he might pursue one track of invention, or when it was time to strike into a new one. He had his own prepossessions in point of taste; and there is no master in whose works we can place a finger on a passage, a bar, or even a note, and say with greater confidence, "this the composer enjoyed." But though he gently led the way, and insinuated his own preferences in melody in strains of tender and melancholy grace, he appears rarely to have approved his own first conceptions until he had tried their influence upon others. This practice, which he early commenced among the visitors who listened to him occasionally at his father's house, became so strong in him by habit, that he was able at last to carry it out in public among the numerous audiences collected at the theatre, where—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The dramatic poet and musician are the kings who proverbially have "long arms." The chief element of their being is knowledge of the world within and without; they multiply themselves, and extend their own identity into all the infinite forms and varieties of the human family, and strike chords of passion which vibrate by sympathy through the whole. In Mozart's mystic language of inarticulate sounds there may be discovered a perpetual process of reason, as well as of imagination. The precision with which, as a minister of pleasure, he adapted the means to the end—hitting the mark always, restraining the luxuriance of his fancy amidst all its roving temptations, and preserving himself just within the limits of the

object to be accomplished, exhibits the logical composer in an aspect in which he is unequalled among musicians.

Not any writings which Mozart has left show the man and the musician more interestingly than these collected pianoforte compositions. They are, for the most part, living witnesses to the amiability of his disposition, being mostly free gifts to one and another of his acquaintance of all ages and talents; sometimes evidently costing him no more trouble to write than that of moving the pen; at others displaying the exertion of his greatest powers in design and construction. To one who can enter with full sympathy into the day-dreams of the charming artist-family whose abode in Salzburg near a century ago renders that locality still a shrine of musical enthusiasm and devotion, it is pleasant to travel once more into the past on the wings of these compositions. Images of happiness and hope will surround us while we witness the content of the yet youthful father and mother of Mozart in the opening genius of their son; and so we have resolved to write our Salzburg "re-visited." Glancing a little to our right as we ascend the broad staircase of their dwelling, we discover in the deep vista of a warehouse, fragrant with the scents of Italian edibles and culinary merchandise, Mozart's landlord, that immortal drysalter, M. Hagenauer. The ladies, the officers, the ecclesiastics, the musicians, who from time to time mount to the *dritter stock* (third floor) to talk about or hear music, thus need not forget in going or coming where to renew the exhausted Parmesan or stock of macaroni. But we quit these sensualities and enter the apartments of the Mozart family. In a room well stored with musical instruments and books, and ornamented with prints, busts, and flowers, a boy sits at a table composing. That is Mozart. A canary bird chirps in a cage at the open window; and a favourite cat, who has established herself on the table near his music-paper, looks the picture of domestic quiet and content.

"Wolfgang," exclaims the boy's sister, "the young countess, my pupil, is just returned from Paris. She has been taking lessons of Schober, and is much improved. You remember how well she promised, what a nice clear finger she had, and what a graceful feeling for melody. You must write something for her, either variations or a rondo; but, whatever it is, I must take it with me next week." "Well; I'll think of it. I have just finished the procession march for Haffner's sister's wedding, and the new minuets for the ball in the evening. This afternoon we drive out to the Nonnenberg, and to-morrow I must practise my concerto, to play to the archbishop's Italian friends at the palace. What a lazy thing that is," he adds, contemplating puss, "I wonder when I shall find time to enjoy being lazy?" "Oh, there will be plenty of time," interposes the father. "For what?" "For composing the piece which your sister wants. And, Wolfgang, you know that M. l'Evêque, who has been in Italy, and talks to us so much about Italian fugues and counterpoint, will be sure to stand beside the little countess as she plays; so let your music be a rondo, in which you can bring in the subject in the bass, and make some of the passages move in canon. This will strengthen the young lady's left hand, and give the gentleman an opportunity of displaying his science when he speaks of the construction of the piece."

The scene changes. The Mozarts are in London, in their modest lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. A German friend of theirs whose visage beams with delight and admiration, congratulates them on the pleasure which they gave to the king and queen at Windsor, a few nights before. It is the queen's music-master, J. C. Bach. "His Majesty was delighted with the sonata, which he heard played off-hand by two great hands and two little hands alternately. It was a novelty; and here in England"—addressing the boy—"they like nothing so much as novelty." "Have they ever heard four hands on the pianoforte together?" asked Wolfgang. "Never; no duets for a keyed instrument have yet been published in England. But do you try your hand at some, and we will play them together to some musical friends, whom I intend shortly to collect at my house." The duets in D and B flat (Nos. 43 and 57 of the *catalogue thématique*, Potter's edition) are quickly produced and played. A Berlin professor of counterpoint, well versed in Marpurg, fidgets a good deal in his chair, and then rises to criticise.

"The *adagio* of that second duet is certainly a heavenly melody, M. Bach; but I observe that, in the second line, there are about thirty-three consecutive octaves in succession in the middle parts." "They accompany the melody very well," said Bach, laughing. "But, my dear friend, such counterpoint!"—"I was not thinking of counterpoint; I was thinking of pleasing," interrupted the boy. "The second violins and tenors sound very well so in an orchestra." "And I notice more octaves still in the *andante cantabile* of this duet in D," said the professor. "There I meant to imitate the bassoons." "So you turn the pianoforte into an orchestra, and place pleasure above counterpoint! What is to become of music if composers at your time of life set up taste and emotion as supreme guides? It must be quickly reduced to a chaotic jargon." The professor was waxing warm. "My revered father, John Sebastian," said M. Bach, quietly, "was wont to compose in what you call the strict style; and yet he would break a rule at any time rather than injure a good melody, or spoil a neatly-constructed passage."

Mozart's wonderful childhood is passed, and he is not a little pleased to see himself wandering from Munich to Mannheim and Paris in quest of a permanent settlement. His pianoforte playing is in great request at the houses of musicians whom he visits; he engages with young people in parties of pleasure, dances, and excursions, ready at any time of day to make the candid confession of youth—

"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard."

And so, as Carl von Weber tells us, that German girls much delight in new waltzes and musical keepsakes (MSS.), which they pay for by a squeeze of the hand, Mozart, as a matter of course, was obliged to dispense his services and take the usual wages. Sonatas by the dozen, full of elegant Italian melody, and of the neatest construction for fingering, attest what he has given away at the solicitation of the fair; nor could even mamma be denied if her little favourite longed for a pretty air with variations. The language of refusal was scarcely in the vocabulary of the compliant and obliging man.

Mozart is walking one morning in the English garden at Mannheim, with a musician belonging to the Elector's chapel. "Nothing," says the composer's friend, "ever surprised and pleased me more than what you did yesterday when we went with Holzbauer and Cannabich to the pianoforte warehouse to choose the new instrument for the palace. To play on five or six instruments in succession, on each in a different manner, with a perspicuous design in every improvisation—that I call the test of masterly invention and readiness. It is extremely embarrassing, when in walking from instrument to instrument, with great hearers, one is reduced to show one's poverty, to repeat oneself, or become quite vapid." The idea of such a situation made the composer smile. "A peculiar fantasia," he returns, "is necessary when one would try a pianoforte. I have thought much of this impromptu music, and I sent my conception of such a fantasia in notes the other day to my sister. It should differ from the orchestral fantasia, in which we may blend *adagio* and *allegro*, sweet air, solemn modulation, and various rhythm, within the compass of one prelude; and also from that in the bound or organ style, which usually ends with a fugue. I intend some day to make designs of these different fantasias."

Last winter, when we met in London M. Neidhardt, of the Berlin choir, we were well reminded that Mozart had kept his word. The fantasia in C minor, arranged by him for a large military orchestra, forms a splendid piece, and we have heard it ourselves in Berlin with great pleasure.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—But there was something that outdid them all; and that was a beautiful face I had the pleasure of sitting opposite to. I shall not give you the least intimation of the name or whereabouts of the owner of this face; suffice it to say that she was a wife and a mother, and thus wearing on her brow the perfect crown of womanhood. Vain would it be for me to attempt to convey to you the charm of this countenance by any enumeration or inventory of its features—by telling you of the rich dark hair, so massive and yet so soft, and braided as Raphael would have braided it—of the steel gray eyes, spirited

and sweet, under such eye-brows and eye-lashes as would have made any eyes handsome—of the clear, pellucid complexion, as delicate as it is possible to be and not lose the charm of health—of the pure and sculptured lines of the cheek and chin—of a mouth gently grave in repose, but easily rippling into the most dazzling smiles. All this gives you no notion of the sweetness, the purity, the refinement, the gentle-heartedness, the ethereal peace, that breathed from this lovely face and threw over it a charm not borrowed from form or colour. And her dress, of simple white muslin, high in the throat, with purple ribbons, could not have been improved if a committee of artists had prescribed it. I have been somewhat about the world, my dear C., and as you know I have an eye in my head; and I assure you there is nothing on earth so fine as American beauty in its rarest and highest type—such as was here before me. Its leading and characteristic trait is that of extreme refinement; of fineness in its literal and exact sense, as opposed to coarseness. In no country so often as in our democratic America will you see faces that look as if they were the perfect result of many generations of the most select and fortunate influences. This peculiar charm is often found in such excess, as to become almost a defect; from its so inevitably suggesting fears of evanescence and early decay. Why should I not be permitted to rave a little in this absurd way, upon the subject? Why should beauty gather all its tributes from lovers, poets, and boys? Why may not mature age, long tried and trained by life, lay an offering on this altar? What beauty is there like that of the human face? Milton in that pathetic passage in which he sums up the deprivation of his blindness, puts last, and as the climax of his bereavement, his losing sight of the "human face divine:" no lightly-considered or chance-gathered epithet. Had the light of day again visited those dim orbs, can we doubt that their first glance would have sought some human face! It is one of the compensations in growing old, or at least ceasing to be young, that our sensations if less strong are finer; more ethereal if less tumultuous. The serene emotion which the sight of beauty now awakens within me I would not exchange for the more impetuous fervours, the coarser thrills, of twenty-five. Certainly I never looked upon a new-blown rose with a more passionless admiration than upon this fair young creature who had crossed my path but for a moment, and yet thrown upon it a perennial satisfaction; for if a "thing of beauty" be "a joy for ever," how much more is a being of beauty.—*Boston Courier.*

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By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look toward the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

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Colla canoro dispero, Sett.	.. 20	Presentarsi alla Duchessa, Quart.	.. 26
Confido in te, Signor, Pregh.	.. 20	Opposto è il calle, Sc. e Du.	.. 40

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Il mio sangue, Aria	.. 20	Padre ricevi l'estremo addio, Terz.	.. 26
Sacra la scelta, Aria	.. 26	Presentarsi alla Duchessa, Quart.	.. 26
Dall'alle raggianti, Sc. e Duet	.. 30	Piangi, piangi, il tuo dolore, Preg. e Du.	.. 40
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Mori di paura un servo del conte	.. 30	Degg'io volgermi a quel	.. 10
Tacea la notte, Scena e Cavatina	.. 10	E deggio e posso erederlo	.. 60
Deserto sulla terra, Scena e Rom.	.. 10	Or co' dadi ma fra poco, Coro	.. 30
Infida, qual voce, Scena e Terzetto	.. 40	Gloria poveri viva, Terzetto	.. 50
Vedi! le fosche, Coro di Zingari	.. 26	Ah! sì ben mio, Scena ed Aria	.. 50
Stride la vampa, Canzone	.. 16	D' amor sull' ali rose, Scena ed Aria	.. 60
Mesta e la tua canzone, Coro	.. 16	Qual voce! come! Scena e Duetto	.. 50
Condotto all'era, Scena e Racconto	.. 30	Se m'ami ancor, Duetto	.. 30
Mal reggendo, Scena e Duetto	.. 30	Parlar non vuoi? Scena e Terzettino	.. 30
Il balen del suo sorriso, Sc. ed Aria	.. 10	Ti scostai! non respingermi, Sc. fin.	.. 80

#### LA TRAVIATA

De' miei ballanti spiriti, Sc. ed Ar.	.. 30	Addio del passato, c (transp.), Aria	.. 16
Libiamo ne' lieti, Brindisi	.. 30	Se una pudica, c, do, Melodia	.. 16
Di Provenza il mar, Scena ed Aria	.. 40	Pura siccome, c, do, Cantabile	.. 16
Libiamo ne' lieti, c (transp.) Brin.	.. 16	Ah! fors' è lui, r, do, Aria	.. 16
Un di felice, r, do, Melodia	.. 16	Noi siamo zingarelle, r, do, Duet	.. 26
Un di quando, r min, do, Cantab.	.. 16	Parigi, o cara, r, do, Duet	.. 16
Dite alla giovine, c, do, Cantabile	.. 16	Di sprezzo degno, r, do, Trio	.. 26
Di Provenza il mar, c, do, Aria	.. 16		

#### RIGOLETTO.

Caro nome che il mio core, Sc. e Pol. S.	.. 16	Somiglia un Apollo, Sc. Terz. e Tem.	.. 50
Cortigiani, vill razza, Aria, B.	.. 30	Tutte le feste al Tempio, Sc. e Duet	.. 40
Figlia! mio Padre! Duetto, S. & B.	.. 40	Un di, si ben rammentomi, Quartetto	.. 30
La Donna è mobile, Canzone, T.	.. 10	S. C. T. & B.	.. 30
Parmi veder le lagrime, Aria, T.	.. 26	V'ho ingannato, Sc. e Du. fin.	.. 30
Questa o quella, Ballata, T.	.. 10	Possente amor mi chiami, Melod. T.	.. 20
Signor, nè principe, Duetto, T. & S.	.. 40	Zitti, zitti, moviamo, Terz. S. T. & B.	.. 30

#### ERNANI.

Oh, sommo Carlo, Sett., Finale S.	.. 30	Oh! di verd'anni miei, Scena e Cav.	.. 30
Io son Conte Duco Sono, Ar. nell'Fin.	.. 30	in F, with easy accompaniment	.. 16
Come rugiada al cespite, Sc. e Cavat.	.. 16	Ah! morir potesse adesso, Duetto	.. 20
Io vedremo, Grand Scena ed Aria	.. 16	No vendetta più tremenda St. del Terz.	.. 30
Qui me trasse amo possente, Duetto	.. 30	Oro, quant'oro, ogn' avido, Terz.	.. 20
Viva Augusta! Che va là?	.. 40	Infelice! e tu credi, Cav. nel Fin. Imo	.. 10
Tu se Ernani! Terzetto	.. 30	Vedi come il buon vegliardo, Sett.	.. 40
Ernani, Ernani involami, Sc. e Cav.	.. 16	nel Fin. Imo	.. 40
Esci a te scegli seguimi, Du. fin. 2do	.. 30	Caro acconti, Introd.—Ah! morir	.. 20
Solingo errante misero, Terz. fin.	.. 30	potessi, Duo. in original key	.. 20
Oh! di verd'anni miei, Scena e Cav.	.. 20		

#### BATTAGLIA DI LEGNANO (LA).

Oh tu che desti il fume, Int. Preg.	.. 20	Tutto, giuriam difenderla, Giuram.	.. 40
Digli ch'è sangue italiano, Sc. e Du.	.. 30	Ah! d'un consorte, c, peridi, Ter.	.. 10
Fra queste dense tenebre, Introd.	.. 10	La pia materna mano, Cavatina	.. 16
Scena del Giuramento	.. 30	Ah! m'abbraccia, Romanza	.. 16
Per la salvata Italia, Grand Sc. Terz.	.. 40	Quante volte come in dono, Cavatina	.. 30
A che smarriti pallide, Qto. Fin. Imo	.. 30	Se al nuovo di pugnando, Aria	.. 30
E ver? sei d'altri, Duetto	.. 40	Ben vi scorgi, Duet. nel Fin. Imo	.. 20

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Rigoletto.	1. La donna è mobile (F and A flat)	.. 10
"	2. Caro nome (D)	.. 16
"	3. Questa o quella (F)	.. 10
"	4. Bella figlia dell'amore (A flat)	.. 10
"	5. E il sol dell'anima—Duet	.. 30
"	68. " Song (F)	.. 10
"	69. Figlio mio padre—Duet (D)	.. 30
"	4. Ah! perchè non posso (B flat)	.. 16
"	5. Ah! non giunge (G)	.. 16
"	6. Come per me sereno (E flat)	.. 16
"	7. Vi ravviso (A flat)	.. 20
"	68. D'un pensiero—Duet (C)	.. 20
"	64. A fuoco cielo—Duet (E flat)	.. 26
"	65. Prendi l'anel—Duet (A flat)	.. 30
Lucia di Lammermoor.	8. Fra poco a me (A)	.. 16
"	9. Regnava nel silenzio (C)	.. 16
Robert le Diable.	10. Quando je quittais (A flat)	.. 16
"	11. Robert, toi que j'aime (F)	.. 16
"	12. Qui la voce (D)	.. 16
"	13. Son vergin vezzosa (B flat)	.. 16
"	14. A te, o cara (A flat)	.. 10
Betty.	15. In questo semplice (C)	.. 16
Ernani.	16. Ernani, Ernani, involami (F)	.. 16
"	67. Ah! morir potessi—Duet (G)	.. 20
"	56. Come rugiada (A)	.. 16
"	57. Infelice e tu (A flat)	.. 10
"	58. Lo vedremo—Vieni meco (G)	.. 16
Lucrezia Borgia.	17. Nella fatal (B minor)	.. 10
"	18. Di poscatore (D and F)	.. 10
"	19. Il segreto (C)	.. 10
"	20. Com'è bello (C)	.. 10
Nabuccodonosor.	21. Va pensiero (F)	.. 10
Fille du Régiment.	22. Ciascun lo dice (D)	.. 10
"	23. Apparvi alla luce (E flat)	.. 10
"	24. Convien partir (D)	.. 10
Luisa Miller.	25. Quando le sere al placido (E flat and F)	.. 10
"	55. Lo vedi, c'è primo (C)	.. 16
"	73. La tomba—Duet (E flat)	.. 30
Favorite.	26. Scena dal ciel (G and C)	.. 10
"	27. A tanto amor (D)	.. 10
"	28. O mio Fernando (C)	.. 16
Norma.	29. Casta diva (D)	.. 16
"	66. Deh con te—Duet (G)	.. 20
Beatrice di Tenda.	30. O divina Agnese (G)	.. 10
Elisire d'Amore	31. Una furtiva lagrima (D flat)	.. 16
Prigione d'Edimburgo.	32. Sulla poppa (A)	.. 16
"	61. Dormi, dormi (F)	.. 10
Don Pasquale.	33. Com'è gentil (F)	.. 10
"	34. La morale (B flat)	.. 10
Anna Bolena.	35. Al duce giudami (E flat)	.. 10
Linda di Chamouni.	36. O luce di quest'anima (A)	.. 16
"	71. Da quel di—Duet (F)	.. 30
"	59. Se tanto in ira (F)	.. 10
Il Trovatore.	37. Stride la vampa (D minor)	.. 10
"	38. Di quella pira (G)	.. 10
"	39. Ah! si ben mio (B flat)	.. 10
"	40. Deserto sulla terra (C)	.. 10
"	41. D' amor sull' ali rose (G)	.. 10
"	42. Tacea la notte placida (F)	.. 10
"	43. Il balen del suo sorriso (A)	.. 10
"	44. Ah! che la morte ognora (E flat)	.. 10
La Traviata.	70. Si la stanchezza—Duet (F)	.. 10
"	46. Un di felice (F)	.. 16
"	47. Parigi, o cara—Duet (F)	.. 16
"	48. Di Provenza il suol (G)	.. 16
"	50. Se una pudica vergine (C)	.. 16
"	51. Un di quando le venni (E minor)	.. 16
"	52. Pura siccome un angelo (G)	.. 16
"	53. Dite alla giovine (G)	.. 16
"	74. Addio del passato (A minor)	.. 16

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